

A/
C 626.

Monte Villa

May 30th 1858.

My dear Ann

We have brought our dear Patrick, thus far, with less fatigue, than could have been expected, but today, he is awake, than I have seen him, and appears to dislike any one but the nurse, or Willy, to enter the room, and eats scarcely anything, his mouth is so sore, and his bowels are seriously affected again. He sleeps badly, in fact never, unless under the influence of morphia. I cannot but flatter myself, he is not as ill as he looks to be, as his feet have never yet been swollen, and he has not yet had hemorrhage, all these things induce me to have faint hopes of his recovery. Mr. Den, has not been to see him, or sent to inquire after him, which is unaccountable, considering, as Dr. Patrick, has always been on good terms with him, but I suppose he is

mortified at his staying with me. He is the only one who has ice, and yet has not sent to off it a sent ang. I heard his little young, next to the youngest child, had broken his thigh this morning, and it is supposed he will have walk again.

Mr Latta, is at the point of death, would be saved by having an operation performed, but prefers death to the suffering. I found every thing in the nicest order when I came home. Everything ready in the house, the beds made up and dinner ready for us. It's not Mr Pike, a handsome Mr Pike, has the garden in fine order, and it does stevens a good crop, and he has become quite steady.

Willy goes after Kate, in a few days, if Patrick, is no worse, and heaven knows, how I am to get along without him, as I know of no one to take his place, but he is compelled to attend to some law business, of importance to himself, and which cannot be put off. I sincerely hope James, will come on if he is in Washington, to nurse him in his dying bed. I thought my brother James, would have seen him while in Charleston, but he did not come down. It appears to me that persons, as being

more and more heartily every day, and to think
of themselves entirely. As for myself, I am knowing
more & differ not to this world, and every one in it,
every day, and if I was prepared would rather
leave the world in it. I never feel well
myself come that back ache, and but little appetite.
Friends are very kind, sending every thing in their
power for us, but all is lost on our dear Patrick,
who looks with indifference on every thing.
The weather is a favor able for Patrick, quite
wet and damp today, gives delightful, and I am
put on flannel again, and find it comfortable.
So my dearest child, write often, as I always feel
uneasy if I do not hear from you. I must
conclude, as I have a severe pain in my back,
and must lie down. Patrick & Willie join me in
love to Mr. Benson & yourself. Kiss dear little
Cornelia for me, and remember me to Robert.

Yours ever devoted & affectionate,

Elvira Calhoun.

As Mr. Pick desires much love to you
and is much disappointed she did not see you.